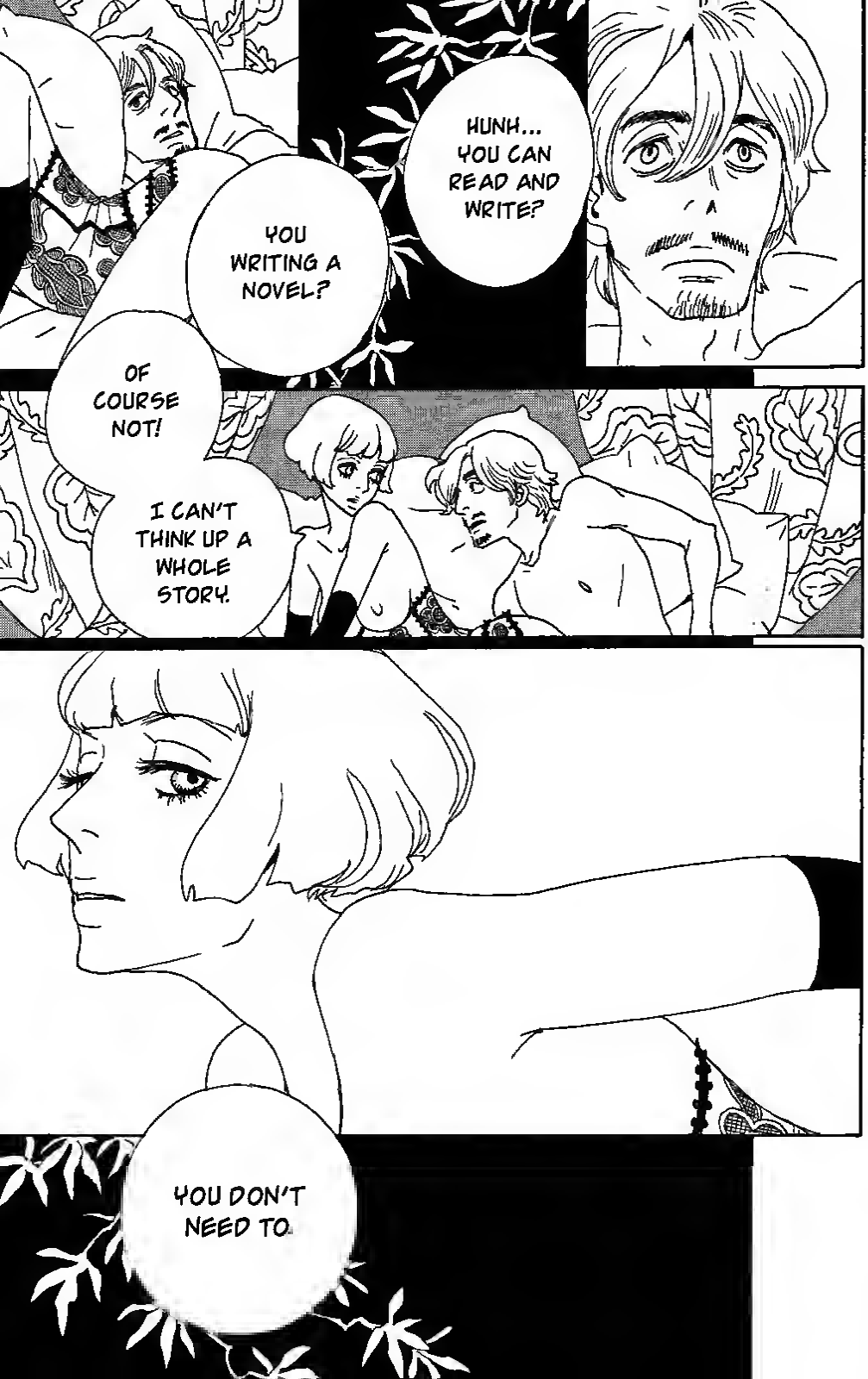
THERE'S A CERTAIN TYPE OF GIRL WHO BECOMES A WHORE.
"SHE SPENDS ALL HER MONEY ON GOOD FOOD AND WINE, BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES AND FLOWERS"
"SHE LOVES CARDS AND LOTTERIES AND GAMBLING."
"HER HOME IS A MESS.."
"SHE LOVES TO TALK, AND IS UNABLE TO SIT AND DO ANYTHING QUIETLY."
"SHE CRAVES NEW STIMULI ABOVE ALL."

épisode 2
MOYOCO ANNO
Cooperation: SHIGERU KASHIMA
顧録
WAIT...
ISN'T THAT US?!
EEEK!

鼻下長紳士回
ビカチョウ

MM...
A PROFESSOR, I THINK?
WHO...
..SAID THAT TO YOU?
YOU THINK IT FITS YOU?

IT'S NOT ENTIRELY WRONG, BUT I DON'T GAMBLE.
YOU EVER SIT AND DO THINGS QUIETLY?
HMM...
I LIKE DOING THAT, I THINK.
I READ.
I LIKE TO WRITE, TOO.


HUNH... YOU CAN READ AND WRITE?
YOU WRITING A NOVEL?
OF COURSE NOT!
I CAN'T THINK UP A WHOLE STORY.
YOU DON'T NEED TO.

JUST WRITE.
WRITE WHAT?!
ABOUT YOUR LIFE.
WHO YOU LONGED FOR. WHAT YOU ATE. WHY YOU CRIED.

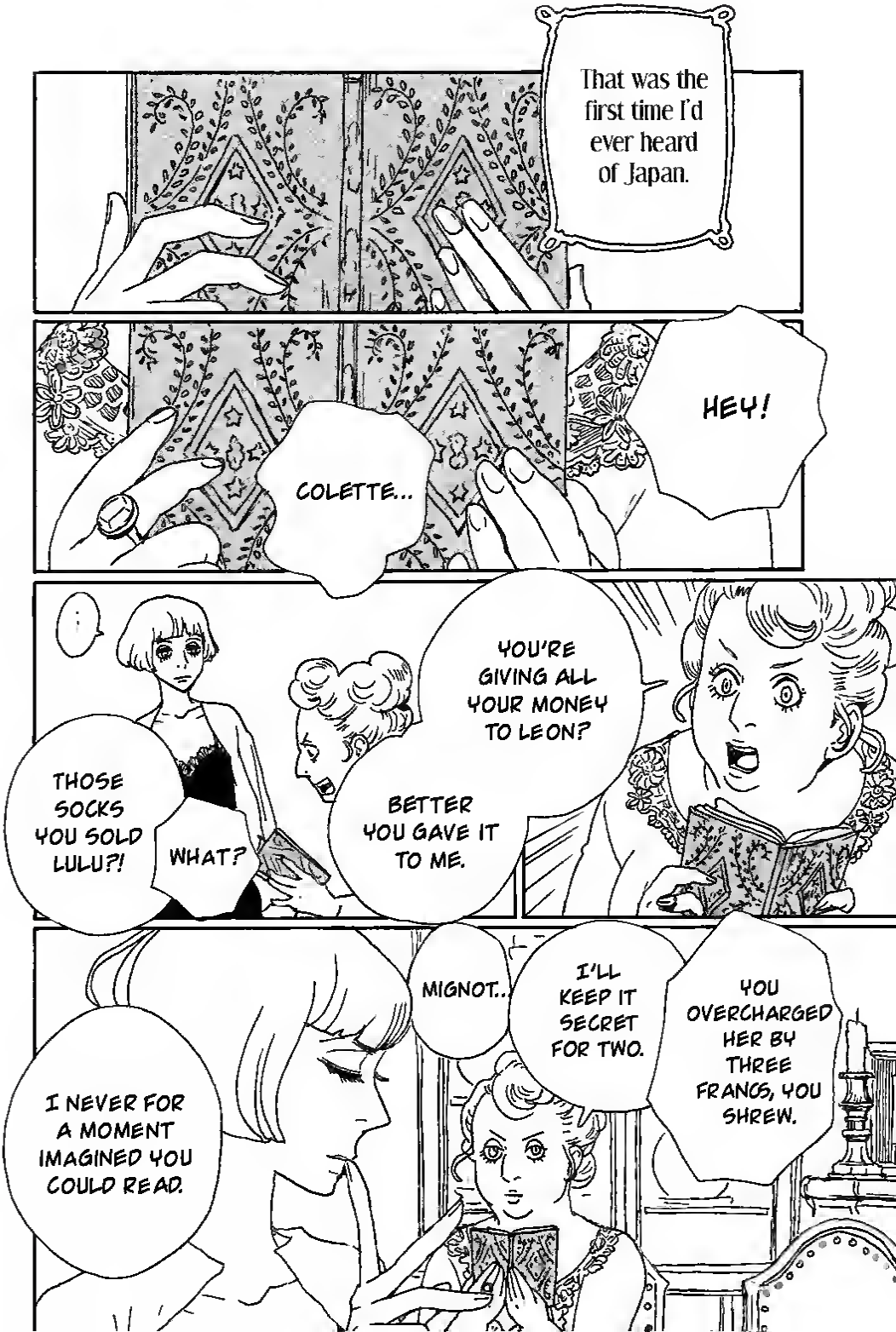
WHO'D WANT TO READ THAT?
WELL... ME, AT THE LEAST.
I'D BE INTERESTED TO KNOW WHAT A WOMAN LIKE YOU THINKS.
HOW YOU EXPRESS YOURSELF.

MM.
?
I'VE GOT NOTHING TO WRITE ON, AND NO TIME TO BUY IT.
WE'VE GOT TO GET PERMISSION TO GO ANYWHERE
THAT'S A LOVELY NOTEBOOK.
I BOUGHT IT IN FLORENCE.
IT'S FILLED WITH TINY LETTERS...
WHAT LANGUAGE IS THIS?
JAPANESE.

LEAVE THEM BE!
STOP!
WAIT, NO! DON'T!
TAKE IT.
I'LL TEAR OUT WHAT I WROTE
YOU'RE GIVING IT TO ME, RIGHT?
WHAT'S WRITTEN THERE IS MINE. YOU CAN'T TEAR IT OUT.
NOT GIVING.
I'M LENDING IT TO YOU.

LIKE I SAID.
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK.
UNTIL I DO, WRITE WHATEVER YOU LIKE IN IT.
I'LL COME BACK TO GET THAT BOOK ONE DAY.
I'D LIKE TO READ WHAT A WOMAN WORKING IN A BROTHEL WRITES.

WHAT?
DID YOU SAY SOME-THING?
I'M A WRITER MYSELF.
I WROTE NOVELS IN A COUNTRY CALLED JAPAN.


That was the first time I'd ever heard of Japan.
HEY!
COLETTE...
YOU'RE GIVING ALL YOUR MONEY TO LEON?
BETTER YOU GAVE IT TO ME.
THOSE SOCKS YOU SOLD LULU?!
WHAT?
MIGNOT..
I'LL KEEP IT SECRET FOR TWO.
YOU OVERCHARGED HER BY THREE FRANCS, YOU SHREW.
I NEVER FOR A MOMENT IMAGINED YOU COULD READ.

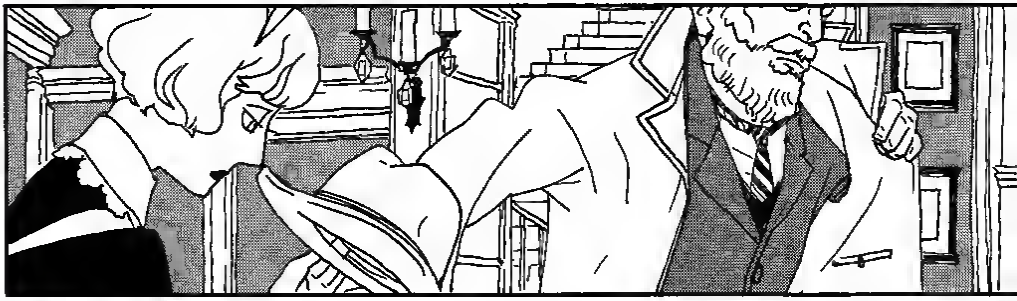
THE COFFIN...?
OH, THE ONE EVERY TUESDAY.
Please! Enough!
Read all of this out loud!
I MADE THE COFFIN MAN HELP. HE'S A SCHOOL TEACHER.
Eh heh!
SO I STUDIED SOME DIRTY NOVELS.
THE MADAME SAYS I HAVE TO READ AND WRITE TO GET THE GOOD CLIENTS LIKE YOU DO.
COLETTE! MIGNOT!
HELP GET READY.
THE FIRST FRIDAY.
THE OTHER PROBLEM CLIENT.
THE MAIDS CAN'T DO IT ALL!
WE HAVE TO PUT COVERS ON EVERY-THING.

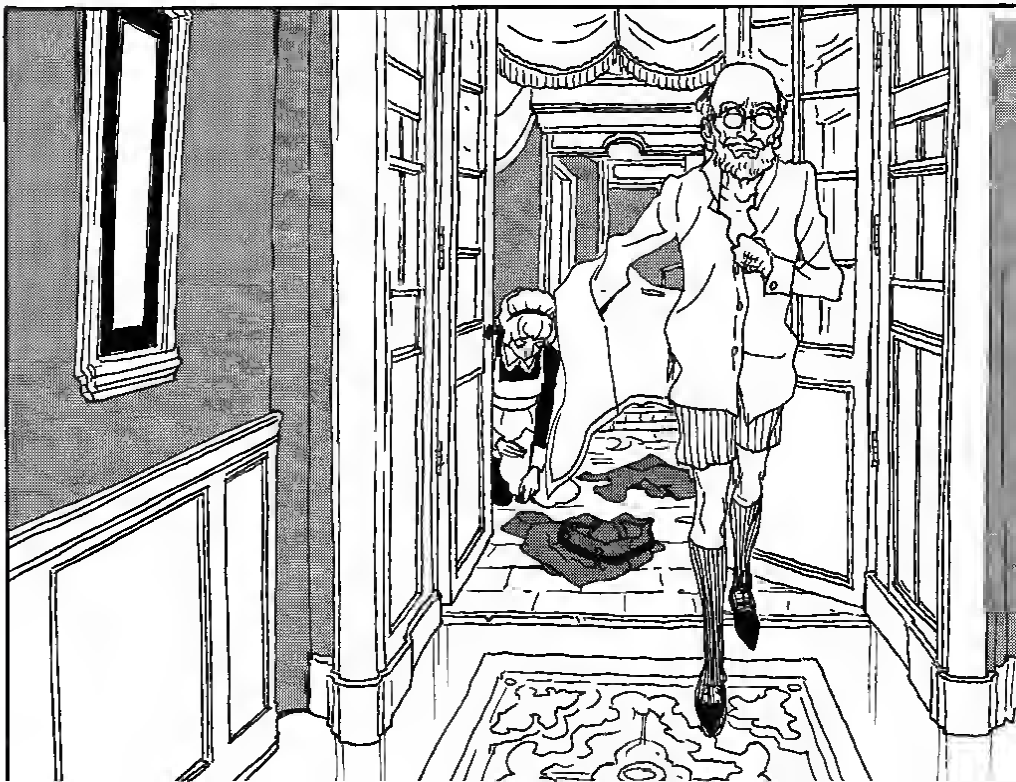
HEY! HOLD THAT STEADY!
ARGH! WHY DO WE HAVE TO DO THIS?!
COLETTE.

HOLD THIS.
LEON HASN'T BEEN BACK?
IT'S THE SAME EVERY TIME.
LEON'S ONE RULE IS, "GO TO THE WOMAN WITH MONEY."
HE ALWAYS DOES.
HE FOUND A CASH SOURCE.

IVY...
YOU'RE A SMART GIRL, SO THIS MUST ALL SEEM VERY FOOLISH TO YOU.
BECAUSE IT IS.
BUT I HAVE A RULE, ONE I'M NOT PROUD OF.
"I'D RATHER PAY HIM THAN HAVE HIM SEE SOME OTHER WOMAN."

MY RULE, COLETTE...
"If men must be paid, I'd rather sleep with a woman."





Henry Gagnaire, the Friday problem client. A 49-year-old silk merchant.
The tale he desires begins with him covered in vaseline.

He then rolls in a sea of feathers, coating himself in them.
He is reborn...
...into a tiny, cute chick with an innocent soul.

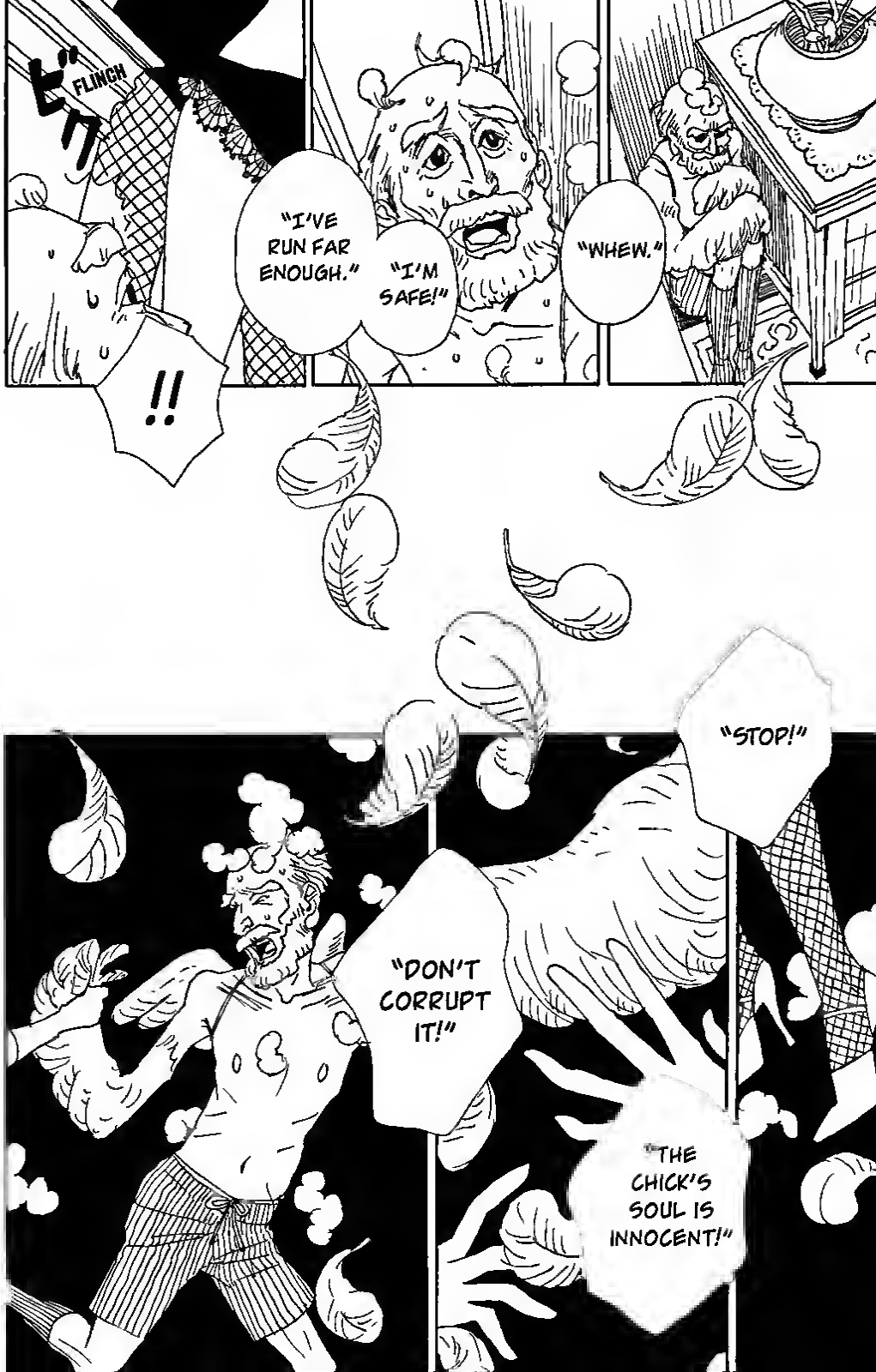
And we become the hunters who persue him.
"MY! WHAT AN ADORABLE LITTLE CHICK!"

"I WILL KEEP HIM ON MY SHOULDER AND MAKE HIM SING."
"AFTER HIS LIFE!"
"GASP!"
"OH NO! A NUMBER OF YOUNG VILLAGE WOMEN ARE AFTER THE CHICK!"
"I'LL DYE HIS FEATHERS GREEN AND MAKE A FAN."
"I'LL HAVE HIM STUFFED AND STICK HIM TO MY HAT WITH AN AMETHYST PIN."

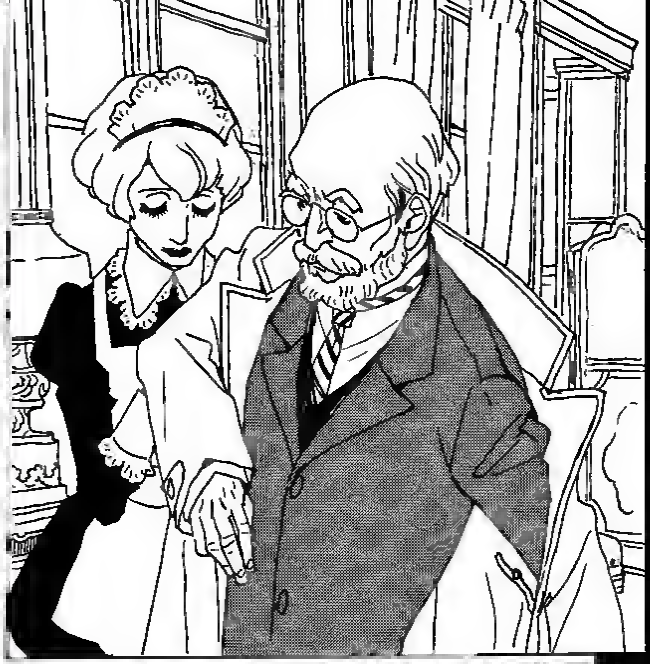
"HE HAD TO RUN!"
"HE WAS SO SMALL."
"BUT THE CHICK HAD JUST BEEN BORN."
The script was very strict, and not one word of it could be wrong.
"WE'LL COOK HIM WITH APPLES AND RAISINS AND HAVE HIM FOR SUNDAY DINNER."

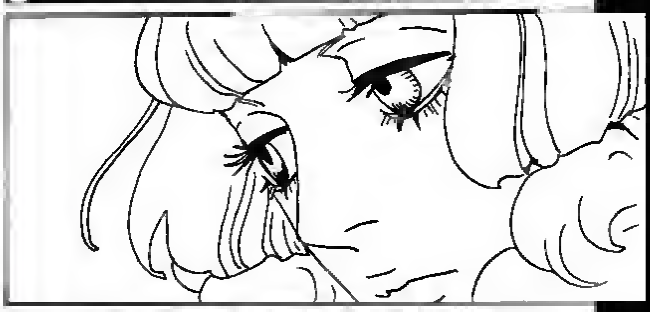
For some time the "chick" would run around.
HAHH
HAHH

Up and down the stairs, across the salon, under the tables.
HAHH
HAHH
As nimble as a tiny creature.


ビク
FLINCH
!!
"I'VE RUN FAR ENOUGH."
"I'M SAFE!"
"WHEW."
"STOP!"
"DON'T CORRUPT IT!"
"THE CHICK'S SOUL IS INNOCENT!"

AHH...
The hands of the beautiful village maidens robbed the chick of his purity.
AHHHH

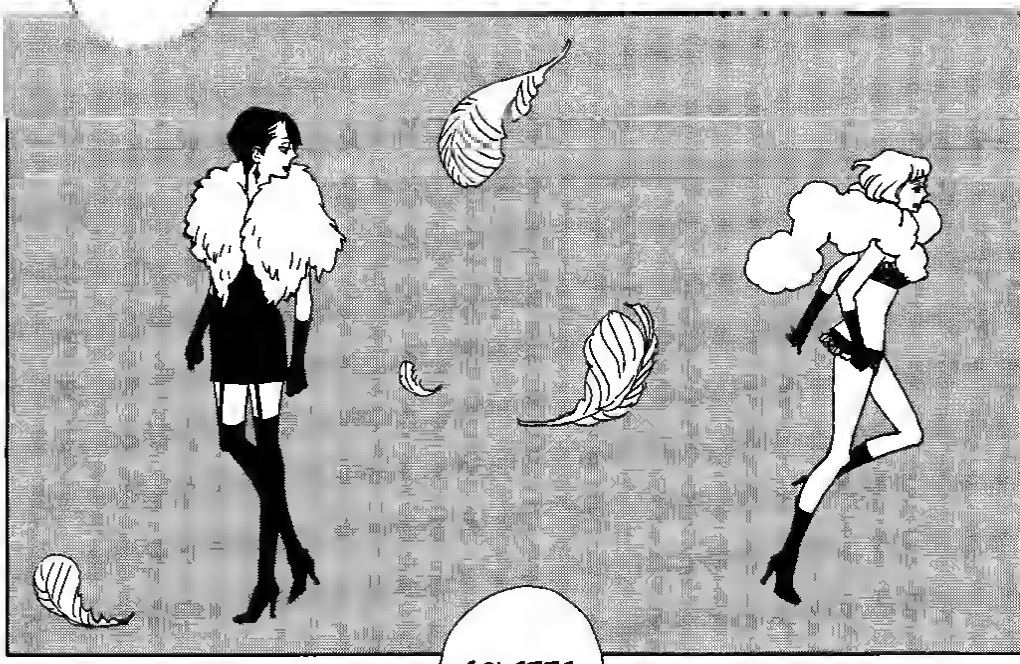


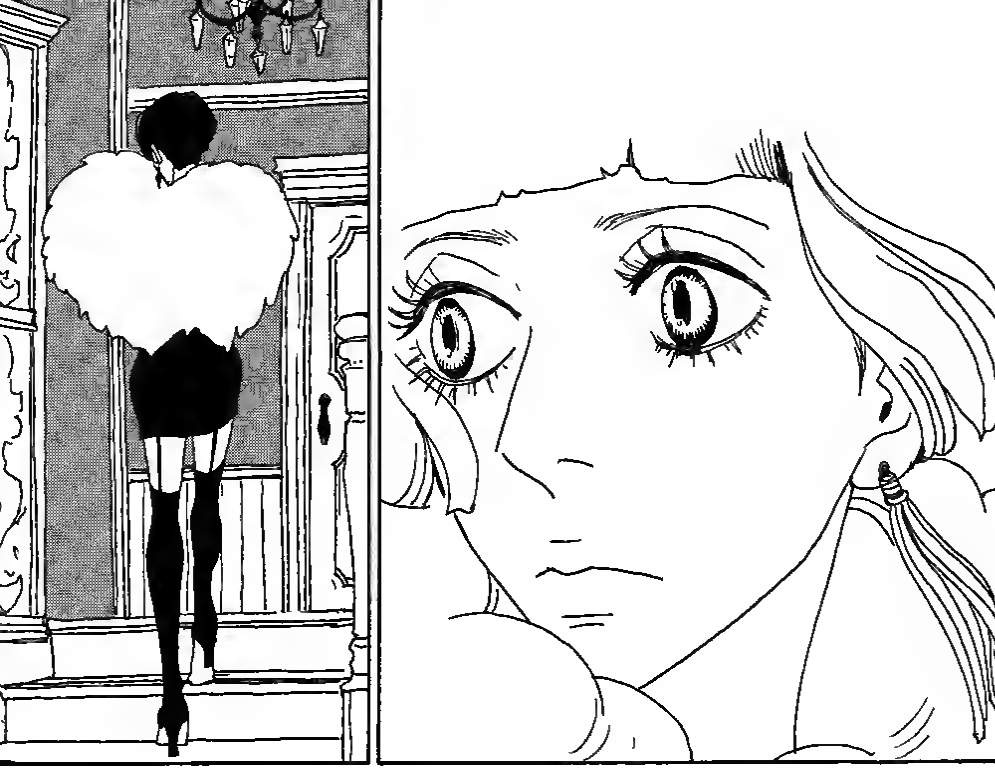


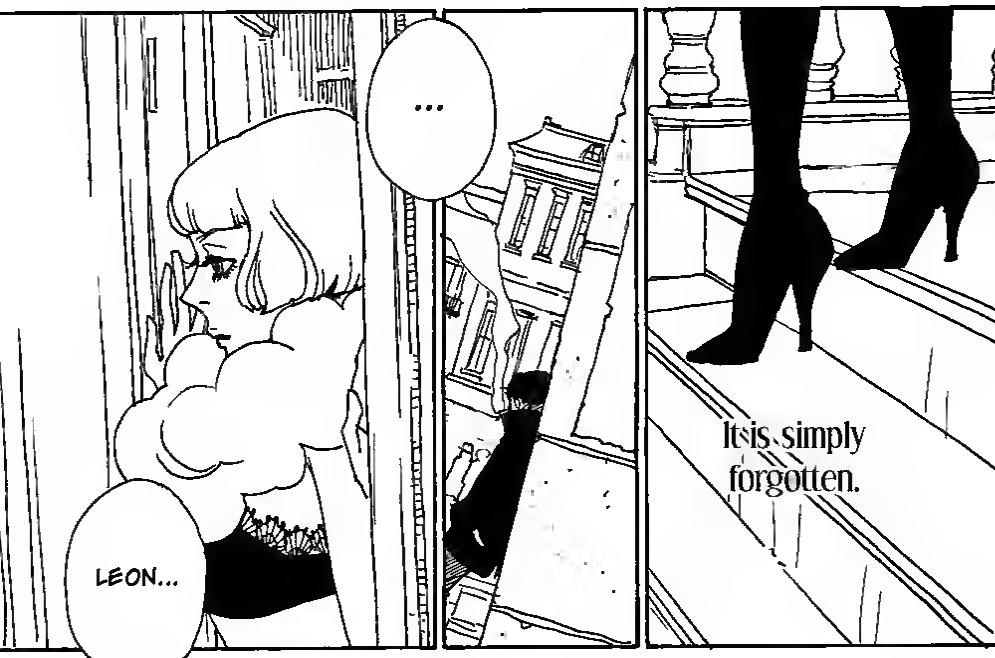
Then the story would abruptly end.

What became of the chick, awakened to pleasure?
I'd like to see him...
No longer innocent, driven mad with lust, chasing after the village girls...
...until he begins to hate himself.
But the story of desire doesn't end.

It is simply forgotten and abandoned.






...
LEON...
It is simply forgotten.

FLP
...
SORRY ABOUT THE OTHER DAY
I JUST COULDN'T GET...

That day...
Leon hit me twice.